THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

For the coming year will contain a series of Papers on Natural History, by PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ; New Romance, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE; a new Story, by the late THEODORE WINTHROP; articles in Prose and Poetry, from the pens of LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, WHITTIER, HOLMES, and other popular Writers.

For the full Prospectus of the brilliant attractions for 1862, see next page.

VOL. 4. NO. 101

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

NOVEMBER 30,

1861.

JEAN CRAPEAU

FOUND OUR BLOCKADE VERY INEFFECTIVE—IT DIDN'T KEEP HIM FROM GOING ASHORE.

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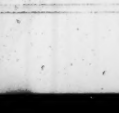

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PROSPECTUS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR 1862.

THE JANUARY NUMBER WILL COMMENCE THE NINTH VOLUME OF this Magazine. Its very large and still increasing circulation is a gratifying evidence of public approval, and no industry will be spared to render the forthcoming volume adequate to the requirements of times so pregnant with great events as those of to-day. The life of the Republic, the best interests of the nation, demand of literature a manly and generous action, and the conductors of this journal will remit no efforts in enlisting the best talent of the country to support with vigor and eloquence those opinions and principles which brace the great public heart to stand firm on the side of Freedom and Right. An elevated national American spirit will always be found illustrated in these pages. The ATLANTIC MONTHLY will never give other than the best literature, and it will be the constant aim of its conductors to render its variety greater and its attractions better each month than the last.

Among the contributions already in hand for 1862, the following will commend themselves as sufficient inducements for every family to provide the forthcoming numbers for household reading.

Professor AGASSIZ will begin in the January number a series of articles on Natural History, and other kindred topics, to be continued from month to month throughout the year. The name of so distinguished a man of science in connection with this announcement is a sufficient guaranty of the great benefit to be derived from his monthly contributions.

A New Romance, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, will appear in the pages of THE ATLANTIC early in the year.

A New Story by the late THEODORE WINTHROP, author of "Cecil Dreeme," will be commenced in the January number.

Dr. GEORGE B. WINDSHIP, well-known for his remarkable experiments in Gymnastics, has written for THE ATLANTIC "The Autobiography of a Strength Seeker," giving an account of his method of training for feats of strength, with advice on matters of Health.

The author of "Life in the Iron Mills," and "A Story of To-Day," will contribute a series of Tales during the year.

Articles by Prof. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, on topics of national interest, will appear frequently.

BAYARD TAYLOR has written a story which will be printed in the February number.

The Staff of Writers, in Prose and Poetry, contributing regularly to the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, comprises, among its popular names, the following:

James Russell Lowell.	Oliver Wendell Holmes.	Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
Henry W. Longfellow.	John G. Whittier.	Harriet Martineau.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.	E. P. Whipple.	Charles Reade.
Nathaniel Hawthorne.	Bayard Taylor.	"The Country Parson."
C. C. Hazewell.	Charles E. Norton.	Rose Terry.
T. W. Higginson.	George S. Hillard.	Harriet E. Prescott.
Author of "Life in the Iron Mills," & "Story of To-Day."	Henry Giles.	Rev. Robert T. S. Lowell.
	Rev. Walter Mitchell.	J. T. Trowbridge.

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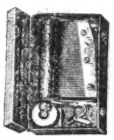

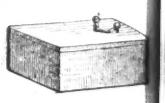

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A NEW LOCAL STORY NOW READY IN

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(The best Story and Sketch paper published)

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THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS;

Or, The Stepmother's Plot

By James Reynolds, author of "The Stolen Bride," "Long Hank," and "Hermit of the Ottawa."

In "The Stolen Bride" and "Long Hank" and "Hermit of the Ottawa," Mr. Reynolds gave evidence of great vigor and power, and stamped himself as a romancer of no mean reputation; but in giving to the world "The Defrauded Heiress," he has placed himself in the front rank of the great writers of the day.

It is a story of life in a great city, founded on fact, and in it are brought to view all the lights and shades of society. Most people have but an imperfect idea of the snares and pitfalls set to entrap the unwary, not only in low life among the hovels of the poor, but among the wealthy and powerful and apparently respectable.

We think we may safely say that THE DEFRAUDED HEIRESS is the most powerfully-written romance which has been placed before the public in many years.

☞ Do not fail to read the opening chapters.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is FOUR CENTS, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a news Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get the WEEKLY through him. We do not wish to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail the price will invariably be $2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for $3, four copies for $6, eight copies for $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks will be taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to prepay American postage.

STREET & SMITH,
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11 Frankfort street, New York.

WELL, JERRY, WHAT REGIMENT ARE YOU ATTACHED TO?
AH! NONE, MY BOY; I'M ATTACHED TO A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT, NOW.

In the Key of B Sharp.

"How do you like our *mezzo-soprano?*" asked a member of a well-known musical church up town of his friend, as they went home to lunch together after service. "Is she not a splendid solo?"

"That she is! rather!" exclaimed his friend, with enthusiasm. "I should like to be *solus cum solo* for a while, in order that I might fully declare my admiration."

Masonry.

People are very anxious to know what are the "secret orders" of the two captured rebel Commissioners. V. F. is not exactly informed; but he has no doubt that at Fort Warren they find themselves in rather odd fellowship. It is also quite certain that one of them, at least, is not a free Mason.

Very Striking.

The Norfolk *Day Book* has the following terrific advertisement:

"Attention Rattlesnakes!!! Charge with fell poison, and be prepared to strike!!!" From latest accounts, it would seem that the poor, naked, and barefooted "rattlesnakes" will soon be compelled to take the *Day Book's* advice and strike—for wages.

Killing.

It was always doubtful whether the Southern belles were creatures half as killing as they were represented. But now that we find them begging their sweethearts to bring home "Yankee Scalps," there is no longer room for doubting.

CHARLESTON COURIERISMS.

Under the heading, "Our Brave Old Commodore," the Charleston *Courier* treats TATNALL, the commander of the "mosquito fleet" at Port Royal, to a puff which ought to be nearly as distasteful to that officer as any of those addressed to him by the guns of Flag Officer DUPONT. The *Courier* talks about TATNALL as if TATNALL were a dentist—a regular Bond street gum-tickler in the "metallic filling business." This is what the *Courier* says about TATNALL, describing the wanton way in which that devoted person swarmed out with his gallinippers, to meet the foe:

"He threw his scornful and defiant shot into the teeth of their vast expedition."

There is a cadaverous kind of pleasantry in this toothsome little bit from the *Courier*. TATNALL must be delighted with it. TATNALL looms up to the readers of the *Courier* not as a commander of gallinippers, but as an expert with that other kind of nippers associated with the swollen side-face and the agonizing grinder. "The teeth of the vast expedition," which must mean the Federal guns, or nothing, were unquestionably hollow teeth, and TATNALL and Co., Dentists, appear to us "in a glass, darkly," jobbing no end of metallic filling into them. This is a good advertisement for TATNALL and Co., but we shall charge them nothing for it, as it enables us to publish the following excellent joke, viz:—that TATNALL and Co., described as dentists might reasonably have been supposed to have taken refuge among the Tuscaroras, when they had to cut and run away from the Port Royal, instead of which it is reported that they vanished among the Creeks.

Then the Charleston *Courier* becomes quite spasmodic on the subject of TATNALL. It says that TATNALL "showed his appreciation of the gallantry antl manhood" of the Unionists, by "dipping his flag in irony." This does not carry out the *Courier's* idea about TATNALL's being a dentist though. If the *Courier* had said that TATNALL had dipped his pocket-handkerchief in chloroform, it would have been more to the point. Alluding to the process followed by TATNALL, when he "dipped his flag in irony," the *Courier* says:

"It was a terrible sarcasm, ingeniously yet forcibly expressed."

We feel it was. Our hair has turned to silver wire; crows have nearly trodden our eyes out in laying tracks about them with their feet; our manly baritone has dwindled to the shrill pipe of a septuagenarian idiot boy; premature second childhood is upon us.

All along of TATNALL and the Charleston *Courier*.

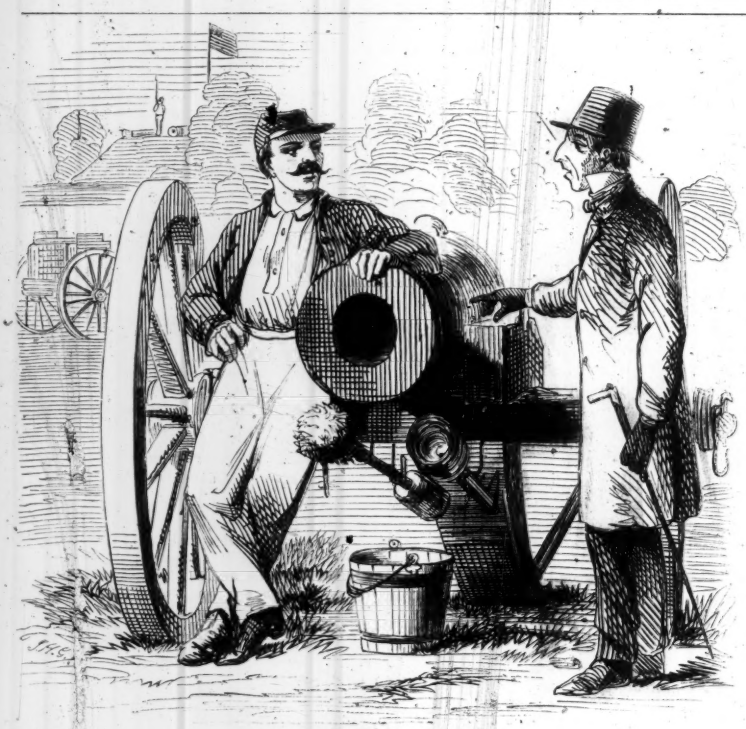
"WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST."

To the schoolmaster and to the sportsman, alike, the following notice, clipped from an Indiana newspaper, recommends itself with a charming simplicity:

SHOOTING MATCH.

"At W. H. SERVIS, Kent Station on Saturday, November 16th. Commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. Consisting of Turkeys, Chickens and Beef. All sportsmen will have a fine chance of showing their artisan skill in the use of the gun. Call and see W. H. SERVIS."

When we thus have a glimpse of Indiana "sportsmen" knocking over "turkeys, chickens and beef," right and left, with their double-barrelled guns, we are led to wonder whether pork and beans are protected by the Indiana game laws; also, whether it is legal, in that State, to pursue boned turkeys with dogs, or only to catch them with potato-traps, as we do here in New York. If we might make so free as to prefer any one kind of gun to another, for the pursuit of sport in Indiana, we would suggest that a good, old fashioned Blunderbuss might be about the right kind of thing. With that weapon, which distributes considerably, a smart man fowling through Indiana might show his "artisan skill" by bringing down a smoked white-fish, a hay-cock, several ducks-and-green-peas, a dozen of oysters on the half-shell, and the price of whiskey, all at one shot. Perhaps it is the "Kent Station," however, that consists of "turkeys, chickens and beef," and not the "shooting match;" in which view of the case we must suppose that those esculents come under the head of Kent Stationery in Indiana, where ordinary stationery, perhaps, would not go down so well,



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Person of an Enquiring Turn.—WHAT IS THAT GUN INTENDED TO CARRY?

Literal and Laconic Artilleryman.—THE DAY, SIR!

The Ardent Spirits of the South.

On the authority of an officer of WILSON'S Zouaves, it is stated that, after the fight at Santa Rosa, "the canteens of a regiment called the McDuffie Rifles, (a South Carolina corps.) were found to be filled with camphene instead of water." From this it may be inferred that the McDuffie Rifles are of the kind known as "volcanic rifles," and that there are fire-drinkers as well as fire-eaters in the Rebel army of the South. It is also reasonable to suppose that, when a member of the McDuffie Rifles feels poorly as to his health, he is put upon such light and nutritious aliment as bowie-knife chops and gunpowder tea—to plenty of which we hope the WILSON'S Zouaves will treat them, when their turn comes.

A Natural Inference.

It is stated that our old friend, HORACE GREELEY, late editor of the *Tribune*, went on to Washington last week and was closeted with the President for several hours. We are not informed exactly as to what occurred in the Closet referred to, but think we are safe in announcing that H. G. has been definitely Laid On The Shelf.

"You can't come that over us!"

Some of the English papers advertise, among other queer dry-goods, "Everlasting Collars, six-pence each, Post Free." We suppose that the notice in question must be intended for everlasting fools, as nothing short of such could expect to obtain permanent bliss for the inconsiderable amount mentioned.

GREAT ZOOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.

There is now on exhibition at Washington a nondescript animal of very remarkable structure. The members of the Smithsonian Institute engaged in studying its conformation and habits propose to have it recorded in science as *Tapeodes ruber*. The generic name is formed partly in allusion to the singular appendages described below, and partly from the baleful and odious influences which it manifests.

The head of the animal is anthropoid, or man-like in form, although on comparison the cerebral capacity is seen to be small. The upper lip is clothed with tufts of long coarse grey hair, apparently of great importance, though their use is as yet unknown. Their importance is inferred from the fact that the thoracic or anterior extremities find their principal function in moving with a slow and graceful motion over these tufts of hair, which are thus made to diverge outwards and downwards with a gentle upward curve toward the tip. The *Tapeodes* from its outward form appears to belong to the sub-kingdom Vertebrata, although from the inflexibility of the dorsal region, the vertebræ are probably more closely connected than usual. Of its internal structure but little is known, no opportunity for dissection having yet occurred: it is inferred however, from the slender form, as well as the habits, that the bowels of compassion, very important viscera in the human species, are wanting in the *Tapeodes*.

The surface is completely encased with red appendages of peculiar structure, resembling to some extent, the "lasso cells" observed in Polyps and Jellyfishes, and imbued like them with a deadly poison, paralyzing speedily all objects brought within their range. In a state of repose these appendages are coiled in a spiral form, but on the approach of any suitable object are projected with great force, as narrow ribbons, which quickly envelop the unhappy victim, thus depriving him of all power of voluntary motion.

The skill with which these filaments are thrown is marvellous and would be greatly admired by observers, were it not unfortunately the case that the favorite food of the *Tapeodes* is composed of those objects whose only intentions in approaching their destroyer are benevolent. Singularly virulent, however, is the attack of these appendages upon Plans for the Enlargement of Hospitals, Amelioration of the Condition of sick and wounded patriots, etc., and also against anything which tends to the cleanliness and effective working of the Medical Bureau, which with a kind of fatuity already familiar to the nation, has been selected as the cage for this singular specimen.

Since a record for future reference has thus been made of its appearance and habits, the preservation of the specimen is a matter of small importance, and it is very desirable that its captors may be prevailed upon to release it. If the *Tapeodes*, like some other destructive animals, has become by its short confinement in the Bureau partly domesticated, it is to be feared that it has formed a strong local attachment, and that a certain degree of force may be necessary to eject it; this result trusting in the wisdom of the Administration and General MCCLELLAN combined, we hope very soon to announce.

Hurrah for Sulomonsh.

A facetious M. P. one Aldermar, SALOMONS, not SOLOMON please observe, recently delivered an address to his constituents which is duly reported in the *London Post* of 30 Oct.

Hear SALOMONSH!

"The North was now attempting to dominate over the South. (*Cries of No, No.*")

Good for the electors of the borough of Greenwich, who seem to be better posted up in our affairs than the asinine SALOMONSH, who aspires to the dignity and wisdom of a legislator.

SALOMONSH, however, was not to be bluffed off, so he tries it again.

"They had a right to criticise the dreadful state of affairs now prevailing in America, although it would be dangerous on the other side of the Atlantic."

You are right SALOMONSH, it would be dangerous for *you*, because, under the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, we would be obliged to send you back to Pharoah.

LAMENTABLE CONDITION OF AN INTELLIGENT GENTLEMAN WHO LATELY DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THE STUDY OF THE *N. Y. Herald* MAPS.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

Nothing can be further from the fact, than the supposition that rifled ordnance has already been brought to a state of perfection. It has ever been the conceit of generations to smile with complacency upon each invention of their respective periods, and to regard with pity the rising young generations marching upon their respective rears, who came too late into the world to do anything at all worthy of their progenitors. Thus with ASTRAGAL, when he conceived the first idea of the superior cannon, which was suggested to him by the circumstance of a dairy-maid making butter in a churn. Possessing himself of the machine, ASTRAGAL mounted it horizontally upon a garden roller, charged it with ten pounds of tooth-powder appropriated by him from his grandmother's dressing-case, and proceeded to lay siege with it to the feudal pig-sty of a fierce baron who occupied the premises next door. As may be supposed, the imperfect piece of ordnance blew into fragments at the first discharge, shedding its hoops to a distance of several miles around, and obliterating the verdure of the district with a mixture composed of three parts of butter-milk to one of tooth-powder. "Asinine gander!" cried ASTRAGAL'S enraged father, with a severe look and kick, "learn to leave well alone. Inspect the string of shots made by me, off hand, from a common flour barrel charged with meal powder, more than forty years ago, and presume not to insinuate that an impetuous generation of mere powder-monkeys can begin to beat that!" A reporter who happened to be present, took down this speech of ASTRAGAL'S father, and reported it to the King, by whom the latter was immediately appointed to a lucrative position in the Ordnance, which, from occasional appearances, he seems to be enjoying at the present day.

And it is even thus with our great guns at the time in which we write. Some fifteen years ago there arose one WARNER, who invented what he called the "long range," the only objection to which was that he never told anybody how it was worked, and nobody—including himself—ever knew anything about it to the present hour. Notwithstanding this comparative success, the celebrated WARNER met with nothing but oblivion of the basest kind, as did nearly all the projectilers by whom he was succeeded up to within a year or two of date. Now comes along the great ARMSTRONG gun, the inventor of which, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, is be-knighted by a grateful government for the light shown by him. And yet, even while we write, does this vaunted tube excite the derision of progressive minds. It shoots to an immense distance, and with great force and precision. One of its peculiarities however, is that a fair proportion of the shot discharged by it takes an eccentric course, returning, like the boomerang, to the point from which it was projected, or to any other point not strictly within the line of fire. This is alluded to as unpleasant by some of the survivors who describe its effects. It has been tested against the steel-plate armor in which men of war are henceforth to be clad and its effect upon that remarkable case were so feeble, that the man of war merely woke up as if from a lovely dream, crying—"Was that a fish-ball?—give me another plate!" The vent-piece of the ARMSTRONG gun, too, is stated to be imperfect, on which account it might be a good thing to invent it all over again.

Doubtless, some young ASTRAGAL will arise to do this; one equal of course, to the pace of the times, and neither conceited enough to imagine that he can effect long range practice with a butter-churn, nor weak enough to be persuaded by old ASTRAGAL that a flour-barrel is a "bigger thing," still.

THE AMBULANCE SONG.

Let the broad columns of men advance!
We follow behind with the Ambulance.

They lead us many a weary dance,
But they cannot weary the Ambulance.

We rattle over the flinty stones,
And crush and shatter the shrinking bones.

Here we ride over a Christian skull—
No matter, the Ambulance is full.

Behold! a youthful warrior dead,
But the wheel glides over his fair young head.

See smoke and fire! hear cannon's roar!
Till the bursting ears can hear no more.

Till the eyes see only a sky blue frame
And a lurid picture of smoke and flame.

And the air grows dense with a thousand sighs,
And shrieks defiance in shrill death—cries.

And blood lies black in horrible streams,
And we think we are dreaming fearful dreams.

But our wheels are strong, our axles sound,
And over the sea we merrily bound.

What do we care for the bursting shell?
We know its music, and love it well.

What do we care for sighs and groans,
For mangled bodies and shattered bones?

We laugh at danger and scorn mischance,
We who drive the Ambulance.

Through rattling bullets and clashing steel,
We steadily guide the leaping wheel.

Writhing in agony they lie,
Cursing the Ambulance, praying to die.

While some in a dreamy deathlike trance,
Bleed life away through the Ambulance.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Up bands and play!
We're leading a glorious life to-day.

For war is play and life a chance,
And 'tis merry to drive the Ambulance.

Answers to Correspondents.

FANNY FERN in It, thus doth depose and say:

"What *is* a man anyhow? For, by the holy prophet, I am non-plussed now-a-days for an answer."

V. F. begs leave, in behalf of a suffering public, to refer, most respectfully, to J. P.

Concentrated Ley.

The most corrosive leys now in use are Rip-ley and Fin-ley: any projects for the benefit of the Ordnance or Medical Department are immediately destroyed by their potent influence.

An Axiom.

The cuff of a lady is much better on the sleeve than upon the ear.

A DRUM-HEAD COURT-MARTIAL.

NEWS FROM CANADA.

That gay and volatile correspondent of the *Herald* who dates—we are aware that mighty few things are certain in this world—from the "Royal Hotel, Hamilton, C. W.," touches the heart of every New Yorker when he divulges the pleasing fact—evidently not obtained without labor—that

"The New York papers, especially the *Herald*, are largely cited in every issue of the Canadian leading journals, in city, town and hamlet."

We have always thought it would be a proud day for us Metropolitans when this state of things should arrive. If it weren't for the war, we should want something done about it. How sublime to think that not a Kanuck this side of the Pole can now escape the benign influences of our enlightened and Christian journalism!

We may well believe a thing so probable and so desirable: but we confess we were not quite so well prepared for the following announcement, which at first glance seemed to savor of improbability:

"One fact is apparent—the portion of the Canadian population who are favorable to the Northern States and the federal government "go in strong" for the *Herald*, while the rebel sympathizers are equally zealous on the side of the republican organs."

Though confiding by nature—as all readers of the *Herald* are—we felt justified in reading this sentence over again, first carefully wiping our spectacles and blowing our nose with an air of diffident suspicion. We own we felt relieved on looking a little further, to observe that the writer had anticipated our doubt.

"Without a particle of prejudicial feeling," he observes, "I make this statement, because it is true." And not content with this humane assurance, he kindly adds, "I am not discussing the merits or demerits of the case, nor disposed to enter upon any analytical research into the cause, but so it is." Of course we immediately felt ashamed of our misgiving, set down the fact in our note-book; "and so to bed," thoughtfully musing on the wonderful revolutions in political affairs which the war is bringing about.

Cold.

Corn is not always affected by the cold weather when it is Husky.

CAPT. JOHN ROGERS.

VANITY FAIR desists for a moment from the flip-flap of joy to shake metaphorically by the hand Capt. JOHN ROGERS, commander of the sloop-of-war Flag in the Port Royal Fleet. Not, indeed, that we should not like to so present our respects to every one of the "hunkey boys" who had a finger in the Beaufort pie and helped to spoil its "crust." But to Capt. JOHN ROGERS we feel individually indebted. He it was who, in South Carolina, on the afternoon of the 7th of November "flung to the breeze" the good, old Union flag for the first time since it was dragged down in disgrace from over the smouldering parapets of Sumter. That insult to the Nation has been avenged, and Capt. JOHN ROGERS is the avenger. We desire to put on record the expression of our highest personal esteem and regard for the Captain. He is a JOHN who has shown himself to be a Jack of Trumps, and (with the exception, perhaps, of the anchor of the *Wabash*) the Best Bower of the Fleet. Let the name of JOHN ROGERS, then, be exalted! And, Captain, when you get back to town, just drop in and see us.

Prestidigitating Extraordinary

The means by which 400 beds will accommodate 10,000 wounded men. We have seen HERRMANN produce an indefinite number of plumes by passing his hand gently over his arm: probably the manipulations of a certain Washington functionary over his moustaches have reference to a similar multiplication of hair mattresses for the hospitals.

Just Begun to "Enter!"

Speaking of our successes at Beaufort, the *World* remarks:

"The iron has indeed entered into the soul of South Carolina."

We presume that the "Iron" alluded to here is the "Gridiron," a name given to a flag which is thought a good deal of up this way.

Lex Regretibus.

Nearly all the Railroads and Ferries of New York are under the control of one Law.

Ah'a! COME RIGHT ALONG HERE! WHAT! RUN AWAY FROM YER KIND OLD UNCLE, WOULD YER? EH!
TO WASHINGTON
THIS IS EUSTIS
DISTANCE

OVERHAULED.

THE BURLESQUE BUSINESS.

To burlesque or to be burlesqued is about the question. Few things have not in their time been burlesqued—it is a mistake to suppose otherwise, because we know that this is so, and what is known to be so, must be so, if possible. The BRYANTS' burlesque the passions, LAURA KEENE the senses, and the prestidigitateur renders the intellect an absurdity. To burlesque is now deemed sublime; to be serious is to be ridiculous. Your tailor sends his little Ganymede with the items of that small balance due some months past. You read the items. You exclaim aloud—"Bless my asteroids! My Good Boy, tell Mr. SHODDY that his bill is excellent. Tell him I appreciate his ready wit. I acknowledge the corn. And tell him, also, that if he happens to know any one who would be more likely to settle it than I am, he had better let the Any One settle it at once."

Here is a sample of the able burlesque as performed daily in the matter of clothing. The actors in these one-acts are generally versatile men, who can detect humor in everything.

On the stage an allusion to SMITH Brothers is sure to produce a stamping of feet throughout the house. BURTON always alluded to SMITH Brothers when the audience seemed weary and their ears ached from the hollow sound of the mockeries before them. BURTON knew that this would stir up the dormant guffaw, and possibly start the welcome "hi! hi!" of the gallery. BUCKSTONE'S favorite gag under similar circumstances was "My eye!" while CHARLES MATTHEWS always queries in a sub-sepulchral tone—"Does your mother know you're out?" This shows the style of thing that is sure to take.

To be successful, an extravaganza, or a farce should be melancholy—it does not do to do "Away with Melancholy." If it did there wouldn't be any melancholy, and consequently no burlesque. Mouldy puns are also to be used in preference to fresh. The metropolitan play houses use only standard local allusions—the same stock for every piece, and any actor or actress who would attempt a new and original gag would be instantly ordered into the back Provinces. Perhaps the most thoroughly established of all burlesques is that of the English Grammar. It has been done nightly in every leading theatre and concert-hall—and grows in popularity. The English Grammar as it originally stood would not hold its place a week on any boards. The dislocation of Syntax is essential to permanent success. SHAKESPEARE was a Burlesquer of Men and Things. Mr. R. G. SHAKESPEARE WHITE is a Burlesquer of SHAKESPEARE. We can say no fairer than that. Of burlesque orators we have not a few—H. W. BEECHER, STEPHEN H. BRANCH, and BILLY BIRCH are prominent as such. These men succeed and win fame, and have large renown, and are considered worth hearing. Why? Because they found their eloquence upon extravaganza. The odd, the absurd, the grotesque, the humorous are always made to stick out in whatever they do or say that is meant for solemn. The citizens of New York every two years go through with a serious mockery known as electing a Mayor. They know that Mr. WOOD will always be their Mayor, no matter which way they vote, still they choose to deposit their ballots, count them, and declare the present incumbent re-elected. This may seem ridiculous, but it is not; it is simply, as we have said before—sublime. This gives an idea of the burlesque in politics—in daily life. Perhaps it will not come amiss here to remind the reader that, next to literature, murder is the most healthy, profitable, and amusing business known to mankind. If it is not we should like to be told what is? Arson is very exciting, and burglary is not without its charms, but for pure, unalloyed, wholesome pleasure, and at the same time as a sure source of support the first named business is to be preferred. These statements may be considered as foreign to the scope of an article on burlesque, and rightly. They are intended solely for foreign perusal.

Last week an "Old Buffer" got at us with pen and ink and fired a lot of abuse at the author of these reflections. The "Old Buffer" objected to them in a most serious way. The O. B. could not see anything but the ravings of a Senior Maniac or Sub-Idiot in the whole mass of our "Few Able Remarks." We printed his ruffianly criticism in order that the public, for whom we always go in, might see what we have to contend with. Let us reply to the "Old Buffer."

A Buffer is the broad French for Bummer. A Bummer is always out of humor and in liquor—this is personal and perhaps severe, but it is demanded by the exigencies of the case. A Buffer is generally addicted to minding other people's business and making the police mind his. The Burlesque Business is not his, but ours. We will attend to it—we do not desire his assistance. We may be a Maniac or a Beloochistan Idiot, but we own a paper, and will put into it whatsoever we please. What do we care whether he (the B.) understands it or not. What have we to do with his (The B.'s) "three children—PETER, JOHN, HENRY, and ANGELINA?" By-the-way, some of them must be twins, as the Buffer counts them as one. No. We are engaged upon a noble work. We are doing for literature what the actors of the day are doing for the stage—we are simplifying matters—stripping them of their excrescences, and proving that everything is susceptible of being burlesqued—even a Buffer. It is a difficult and apparently a thankless task, the one we have in hand, but who else is there capable of doing it? Does the Buffer wish us to say in plain Nassau street English that we are piling Pelion on Ossa and burlesqueing burlesque? Then we will say it once for all. Now then, Old Buffer, why shouldn't we?

THE SERPENT-SYMBOL.

I.

Raise the silver-crusted goblet
Pour the golden champagne wine;
Drinking deep a flowing bumper
To the cause of truth divine,
For the Serpent-Symbol crawling
In his murk and slimy bed,
Now lies crushed to earth and bleeding
With our heel upon his head.

II.

Through the blinding seething tempest,
Through the racking, raging sea;
To its glorious destination
Sailed the armies of the free,
Sailed the fleet of white-winged spectres
An inevitable fate,
Towards the recreant rebel brother,
Towards the Serpent-Symbol State.

III.

We had nursed him in our bosom
Through long years of peace and strife,
Warmed and quickened through our pulses
He had struck our very life.
Robbed, insulted and dishonored
With our heads bowed down in shame
Now, like death, the blow unerring,
Sped to win us back our name.

IV.

Hark! the shells that burst and shattered,
Hurling death on every side,
Rings the death-peal of Rebellion—
Hear it echo far and wide!
In their heart the thorn is rankling,
Traitors—they shall traitors find,
Till in death their eyes shall open
Seeing then that they were blind.

V.

In the glorious God of battles,
We can place our earnest trust,
Till we see the Serpent-Symbol
Writhing, dying, bite the dust.
Nerved like steel' and strong as iron,
Let us forward to the last;
Till a peace, in glory conquered,
Wins a future like the past.

"On a Wind."

We believe that we are not violating the confidence reposed in us by the government, in stating that when the Stars and Stripes were given gloriously to the breeze at Pig's Point, the wind was blowing from the Sow-west. It then chopped round, with a regular Pork chop, and has been blowing a steady Northerner ever since. Bristles are up, in consequence, and Newport News is sought after with avidity.

A Swarm of B's.

In consideration of the similarity of initials in the names of Big Bethel, Ball's Bluff, and Bull Bay, we should like to know if our federal guns are calculated only for Double B's?

Trumps for Policemen.

Clubs.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

IN the Circular of the London Railway Passenger Assurance Company we find the following rather striking statement:

"It is found that of the Insured, One Person in every Twelve is injured yearly by accident of some description."

We are convinced that this estimate is excessive. Corporations are notoriously soft-hearted and credulous in their benevolence, and behind the official gold spectacle and white choker are almost invariably concealed an eye moist, and a throat tumid at the tale of woe. Unquestionably, therefore, the L. R. P. A. Co. has been made to "cash up" for accidents which never have happened, or which may have occurred in the ordinary walks of life; as for instance, in street fights, in slight domestic differences, or in that temporary confusion which is the accompaniment of a too great ardency of spirits.

The above statistical statement further reminds us of the once popular gift enterprise attractions; the insured One taking his railroad ride, and pocketing at the same time the twelfth part of a chance at a glorious dislocation or valuable fracture. In this point of view it is fortunate for the company that the majority of people in this world never do ride in public conveyances—*non omnibus omnia*, you can't get everybody into an omnibus or rail-car; if it weren't for this fact, the L. R. P. A. Co.'s clerks and officers, yielding to the universal rush of applications, must necessarily expire under the "irresistible stress" of issuing policies. Thus would its charitable purpose be perverted from the simple dislocation, the utter destruction of humanity.

But we are a peculiar individual ourselves, and confess that we are not altogether favorably attracted by the inducement.

Should we be convinced, for instance, that of the consumers of LIVERMORE'S Pills, One man out of every Three is annually struck down by bilious fever, we fear we should instinctively recoil from, rather than be drawn towards LIVERMORE. Like the man, who, being quite comfortable in his wickedness, saw the wretchedness caused by remorse in converted sinners, we should express our obligations to LIVERMORE, but prefer to "run the risk and stand the chances."

No, these figures won't do. We advise the Company to reverse the statement and put it thus, hereafter;

"It is found that of the Insured, not One Person is ever injured; whereas of those who do not apply at this office, every man breaks on the average three or four heads, any number of legs and arms per year." Do this my dear L. R. P. A. Co., and you'll do.

"Courrier de la Mode."

In the colored world of Fashion the peculiar head-dress of the Southern female slave is now quite the rage, under the name of the Contrabandanna.

PERFECTLY OBLIVIOUS.

The *Ledger* is about to give its reader (as VANITY FAIR will doubtless learn with a Purple Pleasure,) a story called The White Terror, which is "one of the most weird, strange and exciting tales," the Advertiser ever read, which is also "full of romance, witchery and mystery," and which possesses the further attraction of "a young, lovely and heroic heroine."

Do you not rather like this purity of color in the title of the forthcoming romance? I am glad to be able to believe that this White Terrier is something wholly unconnected with that Crimson Tail, by MEDLINE BUNTWIN, which I remember you playfully deprecated. There is also something extremely chaste in the ghostliness of white terror, which is agreeable to my feelings. I am led to think that it is not a case of amalgamated emotions such as I should suppose produced the Octoroon in literature—there is at least no perceptible admixture of colored sentiments. Of course the distinctions between the different colored feelings cannot be too closely guarded. Otherwise there ceases to be any sense whatever in supposing them colored, and you have a mixed race of emotions worse than none. By simply remembering that Terror is White (under the most favorable circumstances,) we need never council the gross error of turning green with fright, or becoming black in the face with passion, for the purpose of inspiring dread.

"Love, red love," says Mr. EMERSON. Now we have white terror. SHAKESPEARE had already given us a green and yellow melancholy. There is no reason why the remaining emotions may not be got up in hues quite as distinctive. Skyblue would be a good tint for a cheerful mind, such as that which I now possess—knowing this *jeu d'esprit* to be successful and with a corpse (a cat's) and an execution in the house—the usual circumstances attending the composition of humorous literature. Vermillion would do for a joyous rapture of some kind; hope's pea-green for respectful admiration, a dapple-grey for cool friendship, a marine tint for compassion. I suggest merely, however, if these emotions do not like the hues attributed to them—why there is the whole rainbow to choose from; and as the naturalist said of the plover's habit of sometimes laying one egg, and sometimes two, there is no compulsion about it.

You see that this thing can be done to any extent.

In the meantime, I await the appearance of the White Terror, with a Dove-Colored Patience. FITZ-JONES.

So may it ever be!

Dropping the paper containing the news of the Port Royal victory, the Younger mused a moment, and then exclaimed, "strange! that those two Forts at Port Royal should thus resemble man and wife!"

"And wherefore liken you them to man and wife?" asked the Elder, curiously.

"Because," softly answered the Younger, "they are won!"

Piling it on.

Our victorious troops report finding only one white man in Beaufort, S. C., and that he was "dead drunk." This is certainly an exaggeration of his state. The fellow was doubtless only "half-cocked," and had therefore found it impossible to "go off." Had he been as drunk as they intimate, they would never have found him. He would have been too "far gone" before they arrived Come men, own up.

The "Essence" of the Rebel style of Battle Reports Done into easy verse by Mother Goose.

With dauntless backs we charged the foe
All on a moonlit day:
We slew them all, the rest we took,
The others ran away!

A Roaring Quip.

"What English writer," asked the Younger, looking up from his book, "would speak with most effect in this war-crisis?" "Nay," answered the Elder, "I know not." Then the Younger smiled sarcastically as he murmured—"Howitt, sir."

Ahead of the Season.

The Rebels PRICE and MCCULLOUGH keep reiterating their intention to "Winter in St. Louis." They mistake the season. If they attempt to reach St. Louis any time before the close of the war, they will simply encounter the severest Fall they ever experienced.

FASHIONS.

The saucy element appears, for some time past to be the prevailing one in millinery quarters. One milliner, indeed, whose mind has been rather unhinged, of late, because another milliner got ahead of her in a hat, has discarded the word "band-box" from her vocabulary, substituting for it the more expressive term "sauce-box." Another goes boldly to the soup-plate for an idea, and gives to fashion a spicy thing in the way of hats, which looks uncommonly tempting when a little real turtle has been put into it. Indeed so attractive is the dish hat to many, that the famous old nursery legend, which tells us how "the dish ran after the spoon," has no longer the charm of probability to recommend it to any person of a serious turn of mind, because inevitable progress has so arranged it that all the spoons are now running after the dish.

There was an interesting case tried before the Moreen Court, last week. It was an action for an infringement of patent giving an exclusive right to the manufacture of Bird of Paradise feathers out of sugar cane; the plaintiff, a milliner, also claiming that out of this invention arose the expression "a sweet thing in hats," to which she had enjoyed copy-right until trespassed on by the defendant, also a milliner. The case was dismissed, with costs, on the grounds that neither plaintiff nor defendant knew anything about Birds of Paradise, while both appeared to be proficients in raising Cane.

The coming novelty of the season, however, in the way of hats, is due to the genius of Madame CASSEROLE, of Sixteenth Avenue. We have been obliged with a private view of this charming creation, which appeared to great advantage upon the head of the spirited inventress, who afterwards cooked an omelette in it, of which we partook freely. This mingling of the useful with the sweet is a new and charming feature in millinery, and ought to be supported.

THE CASSEROLE, OR SAUCY LITTLE HAT.

"Bella, Horrida Bella!"

There is a fine, romantic aroma of Southern canteen and camp life in the following paragraph:

"Miss BELLA BOYD, the accomplished daughter of a prominent rebel of Martinsburgh, had removed with her father to Manassas Junction, where she was engaged in the eminent occupation of selling whiskey to the troops. Owing to some partiality by the fair devotee, a fight occurred between the Wise Guards and Border Guards, in which several were wounded."

The name of this charming young *cantiniere*, "BELLA," has something in it so significant of war, that we should not wonder if her skirts are kept in a proper state of distension by means of war-hoops instead of the ordinary expansive application. BELLA, combined with whiskey, has done great service to the Union cause, and ought to be encouraged. Proceed, BELLA, only don't display any further "partiality" in mixing the nips for your confederate customers. Dose them all alike with the detrimental rye-juice, whether Wise Guards, Border Guards, or any other kind of rebel Blackguards. Then, when they have disposed of themselves and each other after the mode of strategy attributed to Kilkenny cats, send us your photograph, BELLA, and we will treat the readers of VANITY FAIR to your portrait and a poem about you, under the title at the head of these remarks.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILRAOD.

THE PHILADELPHIA WOOD-SHED.

The large wood-shed at the foot of Walnut street, Philadelphia, is one of the most notable curiosities owned by the Mono Poly, and is exhibited free of charge to all passengers who travel that way. The Ferry Boat leaves this wood-shed, to take the passengers over to the other wood-shed on the other side of the river, at Camden. The Philadelphia wood-shed is not built for a depot, for there is no place to sit down. If you want to wait, there is a rum shop across the street, with a second story to it. The men wait in the rum shop on the ground floor, while the females travel up the steps, and wait in the second story. So the females run no risk of getting drunk, which the men unfortunately do.

But the shed. It is built to shed water, and to save you from elevating your parasol when you go under it. And there is the greatest conglomeration of stuff under it, that ever was under one shed. There are boxes, and barrels, and salt fish, and sides of leather, and hoops of iron, and apple women, and molasses hogsheads, and baggage crates, and newspaper boys, and wheelbarrows, and hotel wagons, and furniture carts, and passengers, and mules, and whitewash, and niggers, and fences, and odds and ends of almost everything. At the far end of it, they hitch the Ferry Boat, which stands where they hitch it, just like a doctor's horse at a patient's door. But with all the greatness and bigness of this shed, they only let the passengers have a little thin streak of it, about five feet wide, and some considerable distance long. In that streak the newspaper man stands with his shop, which he keeps on a board, and two apple women sit, selling peaches and gingerbread. We know not why they select the places they do, for they are right in everybody's way. There they sit like so many stumbling blocks. Probably they have no toes, or, if they have any, they have no feeling in them, for they are in the exact spot to get toes trod on and smashed.

Years ago, this shed was a little shed, but it gradually grew up to be a big shed, just like a colt grows up to be a horse, or a pistol to be a gun. It has spread itself all over the wharf like a green bay tree Only it is not so good looking as a green bay tree. The Mono Poly have been in the habit of going to auction sales of second hand sheds and ancient lumber. Sometimes they would buy a lot of old sash, and then they would say that there should be more windows in the shed. The old sash would then be stuck in somewhere. Sometimes they would buy an old post and rail fence, and put it up under the shed, right in the way. Some second hand cellar doors would offer cheap, and were sure to be snapped up for gate ways. Then they would come across a lot of old lumber, and if they had no other use for it, would use it to make a postscript to the shed. And that was the way it grew so big. It is an unsightly structure.

Underneath the shed, stand a lot of little one story houses on wheels. They look like a humble settlement, erected by persons of moderate means. They call them crates, and shove the trunks into them. The baggage smashers are so violent with your trunk that you are wise if you leave it at home, and carry your clothes on your back. They receive a commission from the Society of Associated Trunkmakers, for each trunk they smash. When they get a one-story full of trunks and things, they hitch a mule to it, and drag it on board of the Ferry Boat. The mules, and one story houses, and passengers, all go on board of the Ferry Boat over the same plank, and at the same time. Sometimes the man that drives the mule speaks with a loud voice, saying, "Get out of the way," and sometimes he don't. When he does not, it is because he thinks that nobody is fool enough to stand in the way. Sometimes, people nearly get run over. The other day an old woman was hurrying to get on board of the boat, and thought she was smart enough to get ahead of the mule and crate. She wasn't. The whole concern came thundering along, scaring her out of her wits, and jamming her against a second hand rail fence. She was fat, and didn't mind the jamming so much, but says that she will remember the scare till she is dead. Somebody will be killed there, some day, or at least some smashing will be done. It all comes of putting baggage and humans and crates and mules, all in the same path. Trusting to the intelligence and poverty of the Mono Poly to fix this matter in some way, we pause here, preparatory to a trip across the river to Camden, next week.

Query.

Can a horse whose caudal appendage has been abbreviated to a short stump be included among the items of an Entailed estate?

A New Rendition.

"After SHAY's rebellion," out of deference to the carriage-makers, should be rendered Post Chaise Rebellion.